

Jim Carroll, Freddy's Store

I'm walking uptown
I hear a most peculiar sound
Like a seashell in my ear
Like the ocean was near
I go inside this store
To get my head clear

Once I'm inside the air is fresh as [a lie?]
You are greeted by a civil servant
She is dressed in beads
She jots down your needs
And casually recedes

Look around
Take the elevator down
Take it down
Once you reach downstairs
They take special care of you
You cannot believe what you see
You know guns to stop time
Laid out in a line
445's to uzi-3's

A man comes up in a uniform
He says, you were just who we were looking for
You heard the sound
Let me show you around
This place is big as some small towns

We got every gun beneath the sun
And the same for heavy munitions
We got the space to train
But we don't know you'll learn
But now take the time, just look around

Look around
Feel the water rushing down
Rushing down

Refrain:
But you better get ready
If you're going to freddy's
If you're going to freddy's store
You can lose or win
You can sink or swim
But you don't know where or what for

But you better get ready
If you're going to freddy's
If you're going to freddy's store

It's not exactly hell,
It's more like bechtel
They got only one item to sell

There's a booth for dressing
Also used for confession
There's a jesuit on call here
Twenty-four hours a day
He can guide you to pray
To waylay your modern guilt and fear
You live by the sword, you die, etcetera
And the same goes for an m-15

But what the hell
When Freddy rings that bell
Just make certain that your weapon is clean
And pointing down,
Down to the ground

Can you live in the tropics?
Can you fight on the sand?
Have you complications to function
In a far off land?
Can you kill a despot in an African nation?
Can you bite the pill
If the operation don't go down?
Down, if it don't go down

And there's a galley [. . . ?]
[. ?]
We don't distinguish left or right don't ask about behind that door

You can stand on the corner
You can do the jerk
You can go to the disco
You can go berserk
But there are plenty of generals
And plenty of shahs
Who drive a coupe de ville after the coup de etat

It's up to you,
You got one chance to score
Everybody gets a little piece of war
Just don't ask about behind that door
Hit the ground, get down
It's coming down
The door is coming down

Repeat refrain